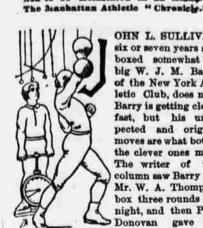
ainty as to Where the Olympic Athlette Cinb Will Make Its Headquarters-Malcolm W. Ford Says He Will Never Ask to be Reinstated as an Amateur-



OHN L. SULLIVAN, six or seven years ago, boxed somewhat as big W. J. M. Barry, of the New York Ath letic Club, does now. Barry is getting clever fast, but his unexpected and original moves are what bother the clever ones most The writer of this column saw Barry and Mr. W. A. Thompson box three rounds last night, and then Prof. Donovan gave the giant a whirl. Barry

up mingled feelings of grief and rage in the rugged breast of the thrifty oyster fisherman.

There is a great deal of natural depravity in the oyster pirate. This freebooter of the wintry seas could make just as much money in the strictly honest business of off-shore fishing if he wished to, but, such is his abandoned nature, he prefers to dredge in the dead of night where other men have carefully planted in broad day. With a little care the ovster pirate could have profitable oyster beds of his own, and he in common with his neighbors, could sit up all night with a trusty shot gun to keep watch over his dredging grounds.

As this plan would cause him to lose a great deal of necessary sleep the pirate prefers to let other men do his planting and watching. When he gets a fair-sized load of oysters from his cruising ground he starts off to market. The wholesale dealer does not stop to ask what particular bed the oysters came from. He would not find out if he did, for the most that he could learn from inquiries among other oystermen would be that the suspected man owned an oyster bed at the head of the bay and one at the mouth. This would usually be the truth, for the pirate has to have some excuse for sailing back and forth among his neighbors' submarine properties. If the pirate is unexpectedly found in the middle of the oyster grounds he has only to say that he is on his way to either of his own dredging grounds. However much the honest man may suspect his neighbor he can rarely catch him, as he cannot prove his own property when he sees it. scales 240 pounds stripped. Mr. Thompson pulled the beam down at 160 pounds. Thompson was shown a new, or, rather, a Thompson was shown a new, or, rather, a yery old way of cross-countering which pugilists consider the very beau ideal for a big opponent or for one who rushes too much. The blow shown Mr. Thompson was to dodge the head to the right instead of to the left of the incoming left hand, then step in quickly with the right. The clever amateur caught his huge opponent twice in the first round neatly, but in the second round Barry threw his right behind his back as he saw Thompson preparing to catch him again, threw his right behind his back as he saw Thompson preparing to catch him again, pulled the little fellow's head around with his left as R passed over his shoulder, hitting him in the stomach and doubling him up in a corner. A shout of laughter, in which Thompson joined, greeted the awkward clip. Thompson kept well away in the third round, and at long range could now and then pop in and get away without the return. When Barry sets to with Donovan it's a great go. Mike has to do all he knows and duck his cannot prove his own property when he sees it.

Oyster buyers would not buy from a man whom they knew to be a pirate, even though his oysters were remarkably fat and fresh. They will stand by the honest seller through thick and thin.

Even without the depredations of pirates, the overterman's business is not so profitable. everest to escape the sweeping rights and fts the huge hammer-thrower lets go.

Prof. Bill Clark, the old-time champion sparrer, yesterday sent on to Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, for a dozen of the elegant Jake Kilrain championship colors. The sporting editor of the Evening World was the first sporting writer to be presented with one of these handkerchiefs. The colors consist of a picture of the head and bust of Kilrain, with a suitable inscription beneath, printed in the centre of a large silk kerchief. Around the edges of the silken token run the red, white and blue of the American flag. In the lower left-hand corner is the arms of Massachusetts, opposite the arms of Massachusetts, opposite the arms of Maryland, one backed with an Irish, the other with an American flag. In the upper corners are the shield of Columbia and the harp of Erin. Prof. Bill Clark, the old-time champion

ginning.

PALETTE AND BRUSH.

to the American Art Gallery exhibition, which is now going on. One or two are

Julian Stroy's tremendous picture of the

young woman who is about to drink a glass of aristocrat blood which a sans-culottes is tendering her, has many meritorious points. The girl's pose is a bit stagey.

how much grace of composition.

William M. Chase contributes four pictures

William E. Harding writes from London that Pat Sheedy at first refused to shake hands with him, but that when he saw him (Harding) being lionized "he came over and

It is uncertain where the Olympic Athletic Club's headquarters next season will be. Up on the Mott Haven Grounds it is rumored. This club has been paying the Manhattans \$100 a month and \$1 a month for each member over 100 for the track privileges of the Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue grounds.

The Pastime Athletic Club will have a regumeeting to-night.

W. J. M. Barry, the New York Athletic Club champion weight thrower, is to have a try at Condon's 16-pound hammer throwing record of 105 feet 5% inches some day next

Billy Kelly's idea of the summit of brassi-ness was reached, he says, when Charley Mitchell gave as a reason for deferring the match with Sullivan till late in the spring: "I want to let him have all the time he wants to get ready, so when I get through with him he can't say 'I wasn't fit.'" Kelly fought a tremendous battle with Sam Collyer years

The Manhattan Athletic Club Chronicle, is out to-day. It is a handsomely printed and admirably arranged periodical, mainly the work of Charles C. Hughes, Dr. E. F. Hoyt, and J. M. Tate. Its pages contain the information that the increase in membership during November has been greater than in any month during the club's existence. An interesting feature is a history of the club from its organization.

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with me as far as Chauteraine, when we leave here, I will tell you the whole story."

As soon as we had finished our coffee and liqueur we left the banqueting hall, and as we walked along by the river, smoking our cigars, my friend Vital told his story in the following words:

"You know that I was brought up among by the class-mates of the Provincial College, where we had studied together.

I was very much surprised to find Flerbelot quite different from what I had imagined he would be. When I had seen him last he was a thin, pale-faced, shy young fellow, alwaysscrupulously well dressed and correct; in short, the perfect type of a good young in short, the perfect type of a good young

was a thin, pale-faced, shy young fellow, always. Secretary, and every one began to say that I would surely soon attain high rank in the service. It was at about that time that I married a very pretty girl, of good family and standing, but who unfortunately had no money. This was a great mistake in the eyes of all my fellow-employees and chiefs. You know how narrow minded and far from disinterested the French middle classes are. With them marriage is generally looked upon as a florid complexion and loud voice, who did not seem to care two straws for public opinion, and who certainly had nothing in common with the ordinary stereotyped French employee.

"Well, what has become of you during these long years?" I inquired. "Are you still in Government service?"

"No, old fellow," he replied. "I am now simply a farmer. I have a rather handsome property at a short distance from here, at Chauteraine, where I reap very good corn and produce a fairly good wine, which you must come and taste very soon."

"Indeed!" said I. "You who are the son, grandson and great grandson of Government officials! You who were always cited as the model clerk of your department and to whom a great future was predicted in that line! Why you have become a regular apostate."

"Yes, I have, and very clelighted I am to have down and the standard of the surely save big receptions. dinners and blals, to which he invited all the notables and high functionaries of the town. He was very much offended if any of his subordi-

"Yes, I have, and very delighted I am to have done so."
"How did it happen?"
"My dear boy," answered he laughing, great effects have sometimes small causes.
"I resigned on account of two Peaches."

CHARITY HELPED BY MIRTH He Sails the Winter Seas in Search of

Changes in the Voting.

Other People's Cysters. A GREAT HOG GUESSING MATCH AT THE OONSCIENTIOUS
man who will hesitate
about buying good articles at cheap prices
from a push-cart merchant because he fears
that they may have
been stolen, will eat
oysters in any style
without so much as a
casual twinge of sus-MASONIC FAIR. umbia Students Make a Combine to Carry Off the Animal, but Got Left—No Diminu tion in the Throngs of Visitore-The Con-

THE MODERN PIRATE

picion. As a matter of fact, stolen cysters are by no means rare in New York. Even in the peaceful, law-abiding waters of the Sound, the lower bay, and the Great South Bay, the cheerful and audacious pirate stirs up mingled feelings of grief and rage in the rugged breast of the thrifty cyster fisherman.



EAUTY and fashion held high carnival at the Masonic Temple last night. Not that the brave and the fair waited till evening to put in an appearance But in the evening a resistless stream of humanity moved in the direction of Twen for the daytime had ty-third street and Sixth avenue. It was + the first day of the second week of the Masonio Fair, and

when the committee counted up at midnight the prospects of the widows and orphans looked rosier than ever. Every floor of the great building swarmed with visitors, and occasionally the crush was so great that a deadlock occurred. Then it was fun-for the other man-to se

mittee Well Pleased with the Results

the dangerously pretty maidens sally forth from their gaily decked bowers against the luckless wights, who could not move a step, and beguile them into rash investments of

and begulie them into rash investments of silver coin.

These fascinating young ladies have not served a week's apprenticeship in vain. They have left the days of coy bashfulness far behind, and what they don't know in the way of working on a young man's feelings is not worth telling.

The greatest fun of the evening was in the Shrine Room, where hundreds loitered and laughed and took part in the great hog contest. A big, fat pig, dead as a doornall, lay stretched out on a table and invited all comers to guess his weight at 20 cents a trip. The one whose guess most nearly approached the truth took either the pig or \$15 in United States currency.

states currency.
A crowd of Columbia students, some Even without the depredations of pirates, the oysterman's business is not so profitable as a telephone monopoly. The householder pays from \$1 to \$1.50 per 100 for good oysters in most of the New York markets. By the time that the commissions of the retail dealer and the middlemen are taken out, the oysterman gets about half those figures. In stormy winter weather, when everything except cross seas and oyster pirates freezes up, these prices are far from adequate return for the labor and danger of oyster dredging. The oysterman's worst season is just now beginning.

A crowd of Columbia students, some twenty-five in number, fixed up a neat scheme to haul in the prize. Each bought a share and each made a different guess. They began at 140 pounds and rose two pounds at a time till the last guessed 194 pounds. They thought they had a sure thing, but a quiet man, whose guess 200 pounds, carried off the animal, for the weight was 198.

The patrons of the fair base a crays for yet. animal, for the weight was 198.

The patrons of the fair have a craze for voting, and all the polling-places are rolling up money for the orphans. The fight for the goat, which is to go the most popular Mason, has become very exciting. A revolution in the figures took place yesterday, and now C. C. Shayne leads Inspector Williams by 200 votes.

C. Shayne leads Inspector Williams by 200 votes.

The vote for the most popular clergyman is very close between the Rev. Dr. R. S. McArthur and the Rev. Dr. J. R. Paxton. Mr. Talmage is fourth in the race. For the superb gold commandery sword the contest is between the friends of District Commanders C. A. Benedict and Joseph Britton.

A novel prize, put up by Hope Lodge, was offered to the boss liar of the fair.

It has become an accepted article of everyone's creed that no gentleman must leave the Fair without paying tribute to Rebecca at the Well, and that every lady must visit the tent of the truly oriental fortune teller.

More than six hundred people attended the evening concert in the Commandery Room, and it was unanimously voted a first class entertainment. Leonard Ochtman and Arthur Hoeber both have a very poetic quality in their work. Their subjects are delicately handled and Rehn has a good marine on exhibition. All his work is manly and strong, and his waves move. He has a handsomer canvas in his studio than any he has yet exhibited. Frank D. Millet has two canvases in the same gallery. Of course, they are window-pane young women subjects with a thin-legged piece of furniture hard by. This is the Millet note.

class entertainment.

The committee in charge of the fair promises delicious new attractions for this afternoon and evening.

Close Reasoning. A little chap uptown who called himself Doctor Sol, says wiser things that one would expect from

J. Carroll Beckwith has had the copy which he made this summer of Franz Hall's rosy-cheeked Dutchmen framed in exact imitation of the original in the Town Hall of Haarlem, Holland. He will loan the painting to the Holland society. a three-year-old. Alexander Harrison will add little to his fame by the two pictures he has sent to the American Artists' Fall show. The "Indian Corn" is hard in tone and the "Open Seas" is a decided falling off from the fine "Ore-puscule" which he sent over a few years

the other day,
"When she gets her teeth," said his mother.
"All her teeth?"
"Mell, I don't believe it," said the little fellow after reflection. "Grandfather has only on tooth and he talks you to death."

[From the Epoch.]
Young Man (getting off street car)—Here is my fare, conductor; you forgot to ask me for it,

Passenger-Who is that young man who just got off, conductor?
Conductor—I never saw him before; some crank,

[From the Philadelphia Times.] GENTLEMEN:
Please send me one bottle of your RIMER'S COUGH
Please send me one bottle of your RIMER'S COUGH
STRUP. I find it the best medicine for coughs and colds that I have ever used. Respectfully.

MRS. M. HOLT. *.*

MRS. M. HOLT. *.* Mrs. Fangle-Can you tell me who is Minister to

CUTE BAYINGS OF LITTLE ONES.

More Gems from the Mothers' Corner in the

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Harry's father took him to the theatre one evening. Everything being new and strings, the young man demanded constant explanation of his surroundings.

"What's that, pepa?" he asked, when the curtain reli after the first set.

"That is the 'drop curtain,' my son," answered the father, gravely, and almost immediately arise to go out. Instantly Harry desired so emphatically to be allowed to go also that there was nothing for it out to take him. I is to be presumed that he drew his own conclusions from what he saw, as ween the curtain fell again he asked, in a stage whisper: whisper:
"Papa, do they call that the 'drop curtain' because it is time to go out and take a drop ?"

A LOOSE TONGTE TIRED HIM. A LOOSE TONGUE TIRED HIM.

A group of girls were sitting around a fire one day, chattering as only girls can chatter. A small brother of one of them and been for some time standing about, trying, as the saving is, to 'regel in a word edgewise," when finally he burst forth, addressing the one of the party who seemed to be engrossing attention:

"Miss Mabel, who holds the key to your jaw?" FATRER AND BON.

Standing with his sister Rose looking at the sky nd taiking of the stars, he broke out with: "Oh, Rose, do you know God's other name?"
"Why, no: what is it?"
"It's God Grant."
"My dear, how did you know?" asked his dister. sister.
''I heard the minister in his prayer say 'God grant."

Nose, after a moment's serious thought: "Well, what's Jesus' name?"
With a look of unfinite disgust he replied: "Why, Jesus Grant, of course; He's God's boy."

WHAT CHARLEY OBJECTS TO. Little Charley puzzied his mamma one day with the inquiry: "Mamma, do all good people go to heaven when they die?"

"Yes, my son."
"Yes, my son."
"And will grandpa go to heaven, too?"
"I hope so, my toy."
"Then I don't want to go to heaven."
"Why not?" asked the astonished mother.
"Because grandpa will say, when he sees us boys there: 'Whew! whew! What's all these boys doing up here?" HEAR THIS PROM BOSTON.

A little daughter of mine, a thoughtful but smart little miss of five summers, one day after listening to her p-pa reading the Bible, said: "Papa, is God frish?" "No, calid; why do you ask such a question?" The little one said: "Oh, I thought he was, for he says ye."

WANTED TO REALIZE ON VALUES

Johnnie, a bright boy of six years, while being fixed up for school, observing six little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he ad sired, turned quickly to his mother and asked her: 'Ma, is pa rich?' 'Yes; very rich, Johnnie. He is worth two millions and a haif,"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million and baby at half a million."
Johunne, after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell papa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes." A TOUGH ONE FOR JONES.

Last Thursday Jones had a number of guests at dinner, including the minister. The happy father had placed "their little darling" immediately upon his right, where she seemed to be enjoying herself as well as the other guests. Jones was deligating the company with a recital of some of his adventures in his younger days.

It was now the six-year-old's turn.
"Did oo do dat, ps." she asked.
"Yes, my little gr!, "replied the prond pater.
"An' was ma there?"
"No, dear, that was before it had been my good fortune to meet your ma."
The little one looked incredulously first at one parent and then at the other, and finally asked:
"Pa, where was I then?" Last Thursday Jones had a number of guests

PORGOT TO TAKE THE MOON IN. Pive-year-old Harry had never seen the moon in the day-time till the other day, when he came to his mother laughing heartily.
"Why, what is the matter, Harry?"
"Why, mamma, what a joke; they've forgotten to take the moon in!"

TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL Little Tommy had spent ble first day at school,
"What did you learn?" asked his auntle,
"Didn't learn snything!" said Tommy,
"Well, what did you do?"
"Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know now to spell 'cat' and I told her."

MANNA WAS BOSS. Minister to little Floesie—And do you always do is your mamma tells you, my dear? Floesie (emphatically)—I do, sir, and so does papa I

The Wedding Gift Business Overdone

[Social Notes in Hartford Nines.]
A Philadelphia bride was reported a while ago as

saying that she had received over two hundred wedding presents "and not a single plece of sliver nor a single lamp in the lot." Her case nor a single lamp in the lot." Her case was lamentable. But this wedding gift business has been greatly overdone, and many are asking if there can be no relief from it. A wedding has come to be simply a donation visit such as the Methodist people make to a pastor to piece out his salary. The true spirit of gift-making is lost sight of. This must necessarily be the case where several hundred guests make presents merely because it is the fashion, and because they would be thought niggardly if they failed to follow it. We all follow it, but the real motive, if it could be analyzed, would be real motive, if it could be analyzed, wo found to be a selfish and cowardly one.

found to be a selfah and cowardly one. This is about the case, when reduced to analysis:

"I can't afford to make this present; it will pinch me financially to do so. But neither can I afford not to do it. I should be considered mean, instead of having the supreme satisfaction of being thought to be as liberal as Mr. or Mrs. Blank. This gift-making is a terrible infliction, but one can't be a society person and ignore it."

There is no heart in such a gift, and no sense. Where one has a c-role of several hundred friends, the question of expense for the carrying out of this worse than weak custom, become a serious for every one whose income is limited. A reform

worse than weak custom, become a serious for every one whose income is limited. A reform could be inaugurated if every one about to be married would send out with the invitations this

word: 'No presents received," This could be followed up and emphasized by returning them, in the event of any one being so weak as to send any sifer being requested not to. The Palladelphia bride referred to complained that she had been given more cut-glass and brio-a-brac than she had ro m for, while forks, ap-o-a, and the fixe they really needed, 'sand these,' she says. 'we had to o out and buy for correlves!" That clinches the argument for giving more forks and spoons at a wedding. Hut say't it time for a reform in these matters when brides complain that they have to go out and buy their own fork-instea.

LARKS OF SOCI. TY GIRLS. Sipping Mild Whiskey Cocktails and Attend

ing Theatre Matinees. [From Clara Rail's New York Letter.]

Two dissipations of a forbidden kind are newly indulged in by nice girls who are a trifle ventureiome. One is the whiskey cocktail and the other is the variety theatre matines. The first is not so wicked as it seems but the other is rather worse. In the fancy-goods stores, candy shops and apothecaries' places are bars for women. These are called soda stands, but the beverages have grown into a wide range of mixed drinks, not a few of which are all alcoholic, but in very mild way. Just now it is the favorite deviltry of Fifth avenue

which are all alcoholic, but in very mild way, Just now it is the favorite devility of Fitth avenue maidens to slyly call for woiskey cocktails. What they get is the 'alinest sort of a semb ance of the real masculine thing—about a teaspoonful of whiskey, twice as much of what refreen cordial and a dilution of sugar and water. This they swallow with a sense of covert wickedness that imparts a delightful flavor to the almost harmless concoction only equalled by the effeminate unders lemonade with flendish ginger le in it.

As to the variety show escapades, they are confined to one thearre near Broadway, and at mathrees, when no smoking is allowed and where the city ordinance against the sale of intoxicants in auditoriums is enforced. So there is nothing permicious in the establishment itself. But the entertainment is often coarse and rough, and the actresses are not altogether insite; by the rules of drawing-room propriety. For instance, a party of Murray Hill girls, outsities with a chaperon, went to the show Wednesday. A young woman came to the footlights skirtiessly attired as if for a gymnature feat of some sort, for she was absolutely untrammelled by draperies. The gentle speciators saw that some trapeze trappings were hung at the side of the stage, and they looked with equanimity to see her risk her neck in an athletic way. Not-o. She was a vocalist. Very sentimental, too. She sang a pathetic ballad with the refrain, "Last night I was thinking of mother and heaven." The girs were shocked dreadfully. But their visit had been rendered piquant, and that was a comfort.

New York Workingwomen Don't Want As sistance Tainted With Patronage.

[From the Philadelphia Press.] There is no more interesting movement now go ing on in New York than that which looks to the organization of the tenement-house workingnen. It is interesting because it is made from the inside, not the outside. New York is plagued with a big contingent of professional philanthro-pists. There are scores upon scores of women— newly rich many of them—with little or nothing to do, living on the edges of society and eager to cross the boundary line. The readlest way that occurs to them is to get their names written down on "boards" of one kind and another an I take up behavolence as a diversion which keeps them in on "boards" of one kind and another and take up benevolence as a diversion which keeps them in good company and gets their names into the newspapers. These women taint everything they touch with patronage. They spend their money lavishly, and most of them are thoroughly good-natured at heart, and, in spite of their selfah motives and dilettante methods, really mean to do good and tails they are. The great mass of workingwomen figat shy of these amateur Lady Bountifuls. They don't want to be invited into a Bunday-school class with a cooking-school annex. They don't want to have their meals supervised, their way of living criticised and their independence of thought controlled. They don't care a fig about sweetness and light; they want some butter on the bread they light; they want some butter on the bread they have honestly earned and a piece of meat to go with it, all to be eaten without Japanese paper napk:ns or deluging anybody with thank you. There are not far from 25,000 women already organized in trades unions and local assemblies of the Knights of Labor in the country.

Bare Arms Going Out of Fashion.

[From the Philadelphia Press.] Those who dislike to see bare arms as the universal style for evening dress will be pleased to hear that sleeves are, so to speak, growing getting larger and longer, says a Paris letter. In a lovely design for a Marie Therese dress there is a puffed sleeve of silk reaching nearly to the elbow and coming some little distance below the deep berthe of lace, which is failed right round the low bodies. Some of the sleeves are mere veilings of spangled net or tulle, caught mere veilings of spangied net or tolle, caught here and there and dryped on the arm; but, though they are as light as this, still they are sleeves, and aid a grace to the pretitiest arms in the world. Draperies on the arms are evidently a coming fa-hion, not only on evening dresses and on tea-gowns, but even on mantles.

[From the Epoch.]

Husband (at a late breakfast)-My dear, did you go through my pockets before I got up, this morn Mife—No, I thought from the condition you were in when you came home last night that i would hardly warrant the trouble.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

marked one of the guests at a dinner party. "Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am makin' the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days."

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

good music and much fun and laughter.

"Nothing had been spared to give brilliancy to this fete, and as I thought of my poor little wife all alone at home my heart grew heavy and I determined to try and bring her home the fruit which she longed for."

"They were large and lucious, with their velvety skin streaked with dark red. A look

LOADED OPERA-GLASSES. A New Dodge for Setting a Drink Withou Going Out Between the Acts.

[From the Detroit Pribune.]
Two men and a woman visited Gorman's Mit streis at the De roit last week, entering the theatre trio were very fia-hily dressed. The elder man vore a sealskin coat and the other a magnificent Inverness. They stood up and removed them with estentation. Finally they became settled down and stared through big opera-glasses at the per-

The persistency with which they leveled their g'asses at the stage excited comment. The glasses were almost as large as those used for field purposes. The woman, with an insipi i smile, sat idly poses. The woman, with an insipil smile, sat idly sucking the handle of her lorgestie. The eider man became une—y. He began taking in a monotone and applanded uproarrously every situation on the stage. Finsily he joined in with E. M. Hall on a banjo solo. The younger man tried to suppress his companion's exuberance, with partial success. Then the woman comm need to whistle. The tarry were understaily intoxicated. Manager Weight finally silenced their hitariousness by threatening to remove them.

"I was afraid of those people the minute they entered," he said.

"I was afraid of those people the minute they entered," he said.
"Why so?"
"Well, you can tell by their opera-glasses that they mean trouble. Those are the latest fad. No more going out between acis. You see, there are three cylinders. The centre one and the outer part of the two others are false. Four whiskey glasses of liquor can be placed in this glass. A fattle tin tube extends into the centre cylinder. When drawn partly out it op us the valve at its inner end. As many persons hold an opera-glass with both hands, the deception is perfect, and the contents of the cylinder can be drank to the last drop. An inventive genus in Washing on got up the idea only this fall, and he is making a good thing out of it, although lorgnette handes that will hold liquor or persume are by no means a new taing.

No Sham for Him. [From the Philadelphia Rines.]

Barber (to rural customer)-Have a shampoo Rural Customer-Not much. What d'ver tak me for? I may be from Squedunk, but I don't take no shampoo. I take the real thing every

THE SEASON'S DANGERS.

The Terrible Risk Which People Run During Cold Weather-Some Figures of a Startling Nature.

The official returns of the city of New York show that early three-fourths of all deaths are from consumption. When we stop to calmly think over this fact it is really swful. And yet every case, without exception, starte from small beginnings. A cough in the morning tickling in the throat; a thick, phlemy discharge; chilliness at night; difficult breathing; a tightness across the chest these and many more symptoms indicate the presence of that terrible disease which, unless checked, means certain death with long and painful suffering. In view of such serious and ever present facts, the sug-gestions and advice of the most eminent physicians are of the createst value.

of the greatest value.

Dr. John Gardner, one of the most eminent physicians

in London, says: "Seisance, comfitton senses, Holy Scriptures and all experience testify to the benefits derived from the use of pure whiskey."

Dr. D. H. Barker says: "I have used and examined Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, and find it the best I ever

Dr. S. M. Buckwalter says: " Duffy's Pure Malt Whisby is, without doubt, the invalid's drink when stimulant key is, without doubt, the invalid's drink when stimulants are indicated, and I find all chrome cases require stimu-lants, and a large per cent. of the scute ones also." These truths from the lips of the leading scientific me: of the day, and confirmed by the experience of men and women well known in the community, should serve as a guide for all who feel the approach of consumption, no matter by what path it may come. We do not hesitat to assert that any man or woman who will use Duffy Pure Malt Whiskey according to directions can defy con sumption and prolong life with all its blessings.

AMUSEMENTS.

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EXHIBITION OF
MUNKACSY'S GREAT RELIGIOUS PAINTING CHRIST ON CALVARY

AND DESCRIPTIVE LECTURES
BY THE REAL STREET AND FROM DESCRIPTIVE LECTURES. S. T. GRAHAM AND FROM DR. BARALT. Admission 50c.

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Eden Muser, 210 St., BET. 5TH 4 STH AVES CONSTANTLY NEW ATTRACTIONS. GREAT SUCCESS OF ERDELYI NACZI And His Hungarian Orchestra. Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11. TO-DAY: OPENING OF THE

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TUESDAY, DEC. 6. FI AINF UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager

the Comedians,
ROBSON AND CRANE
magement of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks, under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks, in the great American Comedy, THE HENRIETTA, by Bronson Howard. Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matince at 2. Carriages, 10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

"The next day my misfortune was known throughout the town, and when I entered my office my fellow clerks greeted me with a 'Herbelot, please pick up your peaches,' which sent the blood to my face.

"It became insufferable, and, to make a long story short, within a week I resigned.

"An uncle of my wife's, who had a large farm in the neighborhood, took pity on me, and associated me with him in his enterprise.

"Well, I began to work hard, getting up at dawn and sparing no trouble to give him satisfaction. It appears that I had more talent for agriculture than for office work, for within a few months I became an excellent farmer.

of the evening. In front of them were rows of chairs for the younger ladies who were to remain seated during the intervals of dancing, and in the middle a large space had been left empty for the waltzing. I had to cross this empty space to reach the door of the vestibule opening on the garden. I went through the crowd with the suppleness of a scrpent, trembling lest somebody should push me, and thereby make me drop my hat and its contents.

"My ears felt warm, and I was so ashamed of myself that the big drops of perspiration were trickling down my face.

"As I rached the edge of the circle where the dancing was going on a new figure of the cotillon had just been begun. Each young lady, holding a hat in her hand, had to take her place in the middle of a ring formed by the gentlemen holding each other's hand, and they each of them had to put the hat on the head of the man they chose for their partner. Harply had I taken two states a long low polet of gray-stone buildings, covered with ercepers, ivy and blooming roses, was surrounded by meadows. On one side of the house a large peach tree without them. A poor, miserable Government elerk, trembling at every frown of his in special veneration. Why should I be without them. A poor, miserable Government elerk, trembling at every frown of his in special veneration. Why should I be without them. A poor, miserable Government elerk, trembling at every frown of his in special veneration. Why should I be without them. A poor, miserable Government elerk, trembling at every frown of his province, rushed towards me crying: "We want one more hat, Mr. Herbelot; give in which a few months I became an excellent farmer.

"You see," said Herbelot, it is not the middle of the more than for office work, for within a few months I became an excellent farmer.

"You see," said Herbelot, it is not the middle of the more than for office where he died he willed me the whole of his property. Since then I have a challed with making a very tidy income out of it?"

"You see," said Herbelot, it i

"His Wife's Other Husband."



You can take one of the peaches when you are leaving the table, as if it were for you, and then put it in your pocket. Don't shrug your shoulders. I have such an intense longing for one. Give me your word of honor that you will do this for your poor little wife, who has to remain quite alone at home, whilst you are amusing yourself!"

"How could I refuse my little wife anything when she asked in that way. And when I saw her great blue eyes glistening with childish tears, and felt her little, white hands clasping my arm imploringly. I kissed her tenderly, and promised her to do my best. Her last words kept ringing in my ears during the whole evening, 'Remember that you promised to bring me a peach.'

"It was indeed a beautiful ball. There were flowers everywhere, lovely and elegantly dressed women, glittering uniforms, sparkling diamonds, costly refreshments, good music and much fun and laughter.

"Nothing had been spared to give brilliancy to this fite and as I thought of rev

for.

"At midnight supper was announced, and all the dancers filed into the dining-room. I timidly glided in, and hardly had I passed the door when I caught sight of the famous hot-house peaches sent from Paris. They really were splendid, tastefully arranged in the form of a pyramid, ornamented with flowers and green leaves, in a large silver basket.

However, as my wile was remarkanly pretty, well brought up and sweet-tempered mad produce a fairly good wine, which you must come and taste very soon."

"Indeed!" said I. "You who are the most come and taste very soon."

"Indeed!" said I. "You who are the most come and taste very soon."

"The chief of my department was a very soon of Government officials! You who were always cited as the model clerk of your department and to set the fashion he very shade of the whom a great future was predicted in that line! "My you have become a regular apostate." "You who have become a regular apostate." "You who done so."

"Ye and to you do not the chief of my department was a very soon."

"While my wife was remarkanly pretty, well brought up and sweet-tempered." "Indeed!" said I. "You who are the most officials! You with owere always cited say the most officials! You will own a great future was predicted in that line! "My you have become a regular apostate." "You who may be come a great future was predicted in that line! "You who may be come a great future was predicted in that line! "You who may be come a great future was predicted in that line! "Why you have become a regular apostate." "You who do not not state of the product o

out of the dining-room, but having purposely left my hat behind me, I came quickly back to fetch it, and as I, so to say, belonged to the house the servants took no notice of me, the less so as they were just removing the remainder of the supper to the pantry.

"For a few moments I was left alone near the table. There was not a minute to lose. Glancing slyly round me, as if I was about to commit a crime. I rapidly seized two peaches, which I conce led in my hat, covering them with my handkerchief, and apparently very calm and dignified, although my heart was beating loudly. I left the dining-room, pressing my hat tightly to my breast with my right hand, which I negligently thrust in the opening of my waistcoat, this position giving me the noble appearance of Napoleon on the battle-field of Waterloo!

"My intention was to cross the ballroom without attracting attention: to leave the house quietly and to carry my booty triumphantly home. This, however, was not so easy to execute as I had imagined. When I entered the ballroom the 'German' had just begun. All 'round the walls were ranged the matrons and gentlemen who were not taking part in the great feature is faction. It appears that I had more talent in the great feature is faction. It appears that I had more talent in the great feature is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is faction. It appears that I had more talent is

matrons and gentlemen who were not taking part in the great feature of the evening. In front of them were rows of chairs for the younger ladies who were to remain seated during the intervals of

welvety skin streaked with dark red. A look was enough to convince you how sweet and juicy they must be. I could not take my eyes off them, and I could not help thinking of the cry of delight which would greet me at home if I could only bring my wife one of these exquisite peaches.

"The more I thought of this the more my desire took the form of a fixed determination, and I was now perfectly resolved to bone one or two of them.

"But how was this to be done? The servants were keeping good guard round about this expensive and beautiful basket of rare hothouse fruit which my chief was now distributing himself to the most important of his guests.

"My ears felt warm, and I was so ashamed of myself that the big drops of perspiration were trickling down my face.

"As I reached the edge of the circle where the dancing was going on a new figure of the ber place in the middle of a ring formed by the gentlemen holding each other's hand, and they each of them had to put the hat on the head of the man they chose for their partner. Hardly had I taken two was leading the cotillon with the Governor on the properties.

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prompto intermezzo produced. The young ladies all began to laugh. My chief frowned and I became a universal object of ridicule. In dismay I felt my legs tremble under me,

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JOSEF HOFMANN,

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